

The Catholic Journal

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Catholic Education Triumphs.

During the past week the Rochester public has had considerable opportunity to learn something as to the relative triumphs of the Catholic schools and those conducted at public expense.

To cap the climax, word comes from Louvain that a graduate of one of Rochester's parochial schools has won, in open competition from the scholars of the Old World, the degree of Doctor in History and Moral Science.

Bishop McQuaid laid the foundation of a great Catholic educational system in Rochester and Bishop Hickey is carrying it on to full fruition.

A writer in the New York Sun asserts that Theodore Roosevelt is descended from all the great kings of ancient and modern Europe.

Dr. Hanna Honored

In presenting a gold watch to Rev. Dr. Hanna, its chaplain, the Fourth Degree Assembly of clergy of this city to jump into Rochester Council.

The six knights, in an obtrusive manner, akin to that exercised by Dr. Hanna himself, determined that they would show a modicum of the love they felt for their chaplain and they succeeded to his utter surprise.

Mr. Ward's Exit

The Rev. E. J. Ward, who has been in the limelight ever since his advent in Rochester as one of the most persistent of workers to make of Rochester's educational system an annex to the Socialist machine is to leave here soon to become chief playground booster for the University of Wisconsin.

Sound Advice

This sound advice by the Washington Post should have a wide circulation: Ignorance and weak sentimentality as well as positive vice or indifference are responsible for the sub-normal or criminal child.

President Taft seems to have been able to swing the Big Stick himself pretty successfully!

Will Not Fall Into Trap

A correspondent of one of the city papers urges the Catholic, Knights of Columbus, honored itself as the recipient of the gift Few would follow them and intimates that they are not freemen else they would be in politics.

Authority Set At Naught.

If proof were needed that the trend of non-Catholic thought in many directions, is against recognition of authority in things spiritual and temporal, also that Socialism would fain break down all religions thought except its own tenets; all this may be found in the withdrawal from the Episcopalian communion of Rev. Alexander Irvine and his supporters in New York city.

Authority Set At Naught.

It is given out that "corporate wealth" forced Mr. Irvine out, but proof of that is not forthcoming. It appears that the vestry of his parish was not suited with his preaching or the tenets of his teaching. They requested a change and Mr. Irvine refused. Thereupon, the vestry declined to renew its contract with Mr. Irvine. That shows that Mr. Irvine was restive against authority, likewise the trustees because the latter did not submit their grievances to the Bishop of New York. Each side went ahead according to its own sweet will.

We have not noticed that Colonel Roosevelt has invited many Catholics to Sagamore Hill or given out any "authorized account" of how he did not meet the Holy Father.

Six graduates of Corpus Christi school with an average of 100 per cent, based upon State Regents' examinations, is a record of which Father Curran and the Sisters in charge may well be proud.

COUNTING TENS.

And a Suggestion as to Why We Buy Things by the Dozen. Did it ever occur to you as strange that while we count by tens we buy so many articles by the dozen? If we ask the price of apples, oranges, eggs, collars, handkerchiefs and many other things we will be told so many cents or dollars a dozen, or if large quantities are wanted so much a gross, which means a dozen dozen.

SPOILED THE PLOT.

A Display of Juvenile Affection That Saved the Mongrel. About three weeks ago there drifted into a Ridley Park house a dirty, disreputable looking dog. He was of no particular breed but a general mixture of all there are.

How Japs Play Ken

In its most widely practiced form the basis of the Japanese game of Ken is that the fully outstretched hand signifies paper the fully closed hand a stone, and two fingers alone extended, the rest being closed, scissors. Each of the players counting one, two, three throws out his hand at the moment of pronouncing three, and the one whose manual symbol is superior to that of the others, according to the theory of the game, wins the trial.

The Only Thing They Ever Did.

John Bright's powers of sarcasm were almost unrivaled. Some of his sharpest utterances were against members of the nobility. When boasts had been made of the antiquity of a prominent family that their ancestors came over with the Conqueror, his reply was prompt: "I never heard that they did anything else."

Her Kind Friend.

Maud—So he had the cheek to ask my age, did he? Well, what did you tell him? Ethel—I told him I didn't know positively, but I thought you were just twenty-four on your thirtieth birthday.—Club-Fellow.

Conditional.

"If I ask your father's consent will you marry me?" "Well, it depends on how your face looks when you get through asking him."—Cleveland Leader.

Frozen Tales.

"I suppose everything must be frozen stiff at the pole." "I guess so. At any rate, some pretty stiff stories are brought back."—New York Press.

No Waste of Energy.

Hubby—Don't you forget what your mother told you—you can't do too much for a good husband. Wife—I don't mean to try, old dear.—Illustrated Bits.

The angels that live with the young and are weaving laurels of life for their youthful brows are toll and truth and mutual faith.—Emerson.

A SERIOUS DINER.

The Way the Great Emperor Charles V. Ate His Meals. The diary of a German gentleman, Bartholomew Saastrow, who lived in the time of the Emperor Charles V. gives us a good idea of the gastronomical customs of those times. Saastrow's description of the table habits of the greatest ruler in his day is very interesting.

SALT WATER.

Deep Seas Are More Saline Than Those That Are Shallow. The density of sea water depends upon the quantity of saline matter it contains. The proportion is generally about 3 or 4 per cent, though it varies to different places. The ocean contains more salt in the southern than in the northern hemisphere and the Atlantic contains more than the Pacific.

Lore of the Clever.

Any one who carries about a fool's head will be lucky and will have the power of discovering ghosts or evil spirits. With it under the pillow the lover may insure dreams of the beloved one. A fragment in the shoe of a traveler insures a safe journey. One of the five leaved clover is declared that if it be worn on the left side of a maiden a dress or fastened behind the hall door the Christian name of the first man who enters will be the same as that of the future husband.

The Nature of Friendship.

Friendship may be fostered but cannot be forced. Two are as one, not because it is in the will of either, but because it is in the nature of both. When souls of similar fiber encounter each other the gods preside at the meeting. I may not cockily say, "I will make this man my friend." He either is or is not my friend without any decision of mine or his. The ages have been shaping the two of us, and if we fit into each other well and good, if not, we know it instinctively and are worlds apart though we toast our shins at the same fire and bandy words till doomsday.—Richard Wightman in Metropolitan Magazine.

Consolation.

There had been a little quarrel after the honeymoon. "And just look at my pretty linen collar," sobbed the young wife, "The tears have trickled down and wilted it out of shape. You haven't a bit of feeling."

A Special Brand.

Mrs. Recentmarrie—I want half a dozen red lemons. The Fruiterer—Red lemons? Mrs. Recentmarrie—Yes, sir; I want to surprise my husband by making him some red lemonade.—Chicago News.

The Two Periods.

The career of every successful man may be divided into two periods—first, when he is not given credit for what he knows and, second, when he is given credit for what he doesn't know.—Life.

Do not talk about disgrace from a thing being known when the disgrace is that the thing should exist.—Falconer.

TWO STOCK DEALS.

Sherwood Took Flood's Boat and Later Handed It Back. In Joseph L. King's "History of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board" is this story of Flood and Sherwood.

In course of time the Nevada bank building was erected on the corner of Pine and Montgomery streets. On meeting Sherwood one day Mr. Flood remarked: "We built that Nevada block on the profits of that 1,000 shares of Consolidated Virginia you sold us."

A WARM GREETING.

She Overcame the Rules and Met Him at the Station. She was rushing through the gate past Bill Gibson, the gamster, like a passenger train by a flag station, but Gibson stopped her. "Let's see your ticket, lady," he asked politely enough.

The Price of Elegance.

The auctioneer held up a battered little "What am I offered for this antique violin?" he pathetically inquired. "Look it over. See the blurred finger marks of remorseless time. Note the stains of the hurrying years. To the merry notes of this one old instrument the broaded dames of fair France may have danced the minut in glittering Versailles. Perhaps the royal virgins marched to its stirring rhythms in the feasts of Lupercalia. Ha, it bears an abrasion—perhaps a touch of fire. Why? this may have been the very fiddle on which Nero played when Rome burned."

A South Arabian Food Plant.

Jowari, a tall, slender plant resembling corn and headed with a grain something like millet, is the Abdali's chief crop. He feeds the stalk to his camel and eats the grain himself. Three crops a year are produced. Jowari requires little cultivation except weeding, which the Abdali does off hand, and when ripe he cuts it off close to the ground with his hunting knife. New shoots spring up from the roots to become the next crop. For a camel load of about 125 pounds he receives at Aden an average of two rupees, or \$4.88. A fair yearly yield is twenty camel loads an acre.—Consular and Trade Reports.

Fairly Warned.

"Mr. Smith," spoke up the young lawyer, "I come here as a representative of your neighbor, Tom Jones, with the commission to collect a debt due him."

Seeking Information.

Miss Yankie—And what has Lord Chichester done that you think so interesting? Lord Defendus—He won a Derby, y' know. Miss Yankie—How lovely! On an election bet?

Taffy For Grandmother.

There is hardly anything that flatters a grandmother more than telling her you don't believe she is one.—Galveston News.

It is a great misfortune not to have enough wit to speak well or not enough judgment to keep silent.—La Bruyere.

ROCHESTER